

F R O W Z I L I N D A

F R O W Z I L I N D A.



OF buxom FROWZILIND I sing,

An everlasting type of spring,

Whose bloom can never fade;

Or, if it should, may be renew'd

At will; for well 'tis understood,

The fair one knows her trade.

Her small smart hat with flow'rets crown'd;

Ribbons on ribbons heap'd around;

Large, impudent, and loud,

In air and dress, she seems no less

Than some young buck, a shepherdess,

Amidst Cornelly's crowd.

E

Suppose

Imperfect

Suppose, to carry on the jest,
Two pendent pillows form his breast ;
The bolster makes a bum ;
Lapp'd round his waist the bed is lac'd,
And, all in gauze and sattin cas'd,
He struts throughout the room.

Thus FROWZILINDA looks and toils ;
But Time, alas! her project spoils ;
'Tis folly now to fish :
The hook, I'm told, that's worn and old,
Can seldom catch, and never hold,
Or help to fill the dish.



IL FAMOSO DOTTORE RODOMONDATO.

LEARN'D Prigs, so prim, from Warwick-Lane,
With stiff-top gloves, small sword, and cane,
Who drive lean tits, or trudge through rain,
In pig-tail, or pomposo:

Ye grave-ones, that attack each ail,
With pill for mouth, and pipe for tail,
Which sometimes cure, more often fail,
Give place to great FAMOSO.

In fine large flowing wig array'd,
His snug, plump cheeks with rouge belay'd,
And gaberdine of rich brocade,
Behold great **IL FAMOSO!**

The

IL FAMOSO DOTTORE RODOMONDATO.

No starch, pedantick doctor he;
 In dancing few so brisk we see;
 Up right---down left leg,---one--two--three--
 Light trips great IL FAMOSO.

The Doctor cures the fiercest itch
 That incommodes the female breach;
 Or lute, or louse,--he cares not which,
 So wonderful FAMOSO to list-giggle

Good Gods! how great the Doctor's skill!
 When gripes the rack'd abdomen will,
 He frts, and cures what else might kill,
 O wonderful FAMOSO!

If beaux, with lavish hand, perfume,
 He cures, with ease, the sweeten'd room,
 By dose from counteractive bum
 Of Doctor IL FAMOSO.

With

IL FAMOSO DOCTORE RODOMONATO.

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With fislein, buttock, flank, or breast;

He gives the wakeful stomach rest;

And cures the throat, with thick oppress'd.

O godlike IL FAMOSO!

The Doctor cures, in hundred ways,

That dread disease, the rage for plays;

The deuce a soul to see one stays,

When acts great IL FAMOSO.

He'd almost make a dumb man swear;

A lame man kick; a blind man stare;

And fings so soft, that deaf men hear—

Great Doctor IL FAMOSO!

Wig splic'd to pompous wig, in vain,

Shall henceforth deck Whit's pericrane;

Square toes, pink hose, no longer reign:

What's Caius* to FAMOSO?

F

Gad-

* Dr. Caius, in the Merry Wives of Windsor; performed by Mr. Whitefield

IL FAMOSO DOTTOR RODOMONTATO

Gadzooks! good folks, twixt me and you,
 What doctor more than this could be
 For Chaplain and Physician too
 Is wonderful Famoso! O

* A character in the Carnival of Venice, performed by Mr. Chaplain.

The dead dance the waltz for plays;

The dance a foul to the one that

When a great Famoso.

The Candidates collect come.

Idiot and the waltz for plays;

An amorous and the waltz for plays;

And the waltz for plays the waltz for plays—

Great Doctor Rodomontato

What a right to the waltz for plays

Waltz for plays the waltz for plays

Shall heretofore the waltz for plays

Square toes, pink hole, no longer reign;

What's Gains to Famoso?

Gad-

F

* Dr. Gains in the Merry Wives of Windsor; performed by Mr. Whitefield

H A S T Y P U D D I N G ;

A THEATRICAL CONTEST.

The Hint taken from a late MORNING HERALD.

THE spoons compar'd, tarpaulin laid,
The pudding boil'd, and prize display'd,
At trumpet's blast, and beat of drum,
The Candidates collected come.
From garrets, and from underground,
From rotten reps and stringo sound ;
The glorious end of each the same,
—Apparel, wholesome food, and fame.
Heav'ns ! what a sight, to see them hasting,
By purge prepar'd, and fortnight's fasting,
Whilst, from their cheeks, and reeking chops,
Like rain the sweat and water drops !
All hope, one lucky hour, to gain
What most have fought whole years in vain.

H-lcr-ft,

H-lcr-ft, a wight of high renown,
 A truer trencher-man unknown,
 Like horses of superior rate,
 Disqualified to start for plate,
 Is Umpire chose, and takes the chair,
 To see that all proceeds quite fair;
 But, ere the seat receives his breech,
 Bows low, looks round, and makes a speech.

The weight was great they laid upon him,
 But likewise great the honour done him;
 Fear'd much his talents were mistaken;
 Had long, he knew, been fam'd for bacon;
 Could nicely bolt both lean and fat,
 And ever bore away the hat:
 But HASTY PUDDING, he must own,
 Slept not, when hot, so glibly down;
 Had sometimes won, 'twas true; but then
 Not oft, and always done with pain;
 Mere unforeseen effect of chance;
 The people much his skill enhance.

H A S T Y P U D D I N G.

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An Umpire should with care be chose ;
Some man whose merit each man knows ;
Oft tried, as oft have stood the test :
For him,—he'd eat amongst the rest.
Here all, with one according voice,
Alarm'd, confirm their former choice ;
All saw the gentleman's intent,
And what his condescension meant.
With well-feign'd smiles, again he bow'd ;
Then read the donor's rules aloud ;
Explain'd with shrewd remarks each clause,
And nicely tim'd each hem and pause ;
The consequence of cheating stated ;
DUPLICITY was what he hated ;
And very well, he said, he might,
For little good, or none, came by't :
Gave each his spoon, and due repast ;
Knock'd once, twice, thrice,---then damn'd the last.
Say, Muse, who wins the doubtful fight ;
Which shop receives the pawn at night ;

G

W hat

H A S T Y P U D D I N G.

What mouths are flead ; what bellies burst ;
 Who pockets most, and who f--ts first ;
 On whom distinguish'd honours fall ;
 Who swallows plate, meat, spoon, and all.

L-w-s can only squint and grin :
 Pack—wave his hands, and cock his chin
 (Slow, graceful, debonair, and light,
 Moves ever one from left to right ;
 Fix'd on his hip, akimbo, t'other
 Rests ready to relieve its brother ;
 Whilst chin above, so sly, sticks out
 To watch what friend below's about).
 Ch-pl--n, eke crony Ph-ll-m-re,
 But drink, swear, play the fool, and roar.
 B-th—strut : poor H-rst is much too dull :
 And Wr--ght-n's mouth before was full.

Say, did Italia bear the bell ?
 Did Grim succeed ? or dancing Dell ?
 Heroes of fine expansive jaw,
 Vast appetites, and spacious maw:

P-rf-ns,

P-rf-ns, indeed, has mouth in plenty
To carry off, with triumph, twenty;
But wit and humour vent so fast,
I doubt the pudding never pass'd.
D-b-ll-my can work his wrist;
Seems keen; looks arch; perhaps can twist:
And bandy-legs,—what—what's his name?
A-k-n, methinks, bids fair for fame:
No flirting fop, not he, nor beau;
No finical, fine thing for show,
Who steals with soft, seductive arts,
All elegance, the ladies hearts;
But solid, sober, grave, and steady,
For pudding as for bus'ness ready;
Would scorn, whilst others work, to prate;
Can kick, can cuff,—if not too late:
If A-k-n waddled there before
The final knock, few promise more.

Here must I stop—speak, Muse,—or on?
Huzza!—'twas he—'twas A-k-n won!



TOM TOSSPOT.

Inclosed in a Letter to a Friend.

A Certain odd impulse—but whence it arose,
Or to what it can tend, Jack, the Lord above knows—
Compels me, whilst thus like a truant I roam,
When you, much more wise, stay contented at home,
To send you these tokens—a poem and letter—
The first fill'd with trifles, the last little better.

But all things are trifles, Philosophers say ;
At least it seems certain I trifle to-day :
And I greatly suspect, though I speak it with sorrow,
As I trifle to day, I shall trifle to morrow :
For unless, by that secret, omnipotent art,
Which none but Old Nick and his imps can impart,
My head could be fraught with good sense like your own,
From trifle to trifle I still must go on.

And

And talking of trifles,—last Sunday, dead drunk,
 Tom Toff-Pot was caught at a stew, with his punk;
 Full five pounds of sirloin (Tom owns to but four;
 The bawd and the brimstone both swear it was more)
 He tof'd down at meal (but no trifle, Sir, that),
 With beer, punch, wine, drams, and the deuce can tell what!
 At length, when the fumes from beneath reach'd his brain,
 Soufe he sunk from the seat, and in sleep gorg'd again,
 Till Nature, to risque of extinction oppress'd,
 With a triple discharge interrupted his rest;
 Then awoke, a vile compound of sp-w, t-rd, and p-s,
 A posset to view; (but a trifle all this;)
 And Moll, in a trice, ere he rose from the floor,
 First clean'd, and then cl-pp'd, her gallant paramour.



T H E M I S T A K E.

ON THE SAME.

MINERVA, for wit and for valour together
 Renown'd, fell in love with poor Tom, without either.
 Long, in vain, all Olympus endeavour'd to find
 Out the cause of a flame so prepost'rous and blind.
 At length it appear'd the true state of the case,
 That the Goddess beheld nothing else but his face,
 As he lay fast asleep, and in liquor, one night;
 Which she, by mistake, thought her Owl at first sight.

ON THE SAME.

BOTH Gods and Goddeffes of old,
 Descending from above,
 Have oft, as 'tis in story told,
 Despising hunger, rain, and cold,
 O'er earth, disguis'd, like mortals stroll'd,
 To gratify their love.

But still, I own, 'tis hard to guess

Why Tom's beloved by Pallas:

His valour's little, wisdom less;

But that she doats to great excess,

All letters by the last express,

Sent from Olympus, tell us.

In plaintive strains the martial fair

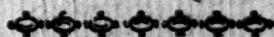
Bemoans the secret smart:

O Mortal! cause of all my care,

Bless'd with my Bird's enchanting air,

Fine features, voice, and awful stare,

Thy charms have pierc'd mine heart!



PEEPING TOM.

Why Tom's beloved by Pallas:

His valour's little, wisdom less;

CEASE,—cease,—in mercy, cease, sweet lass,

No more distort that beauteous face:

Why must the gentle Cloe, fighting,

Look gruff, and grin, like Hero fighting?

Why,—though the warlike cannon louder

Than thunder sound, and smell of powder—

Why must my love offend the nose,

Flash at the breech, and roar like those?

11:7:49

Fine features, voice, and awful stare

Thy charms have pierc'd mine heart!

FINIS.

